



SPRING IN THE WEST

an actual test of tube life

Many years ago the Michelin Tire Company discovered a compounding-process which prevents rubber from becoming brittle or porous with age.

The superior durability which this process imparts to Michelin Tubes is evidenced by the photograph reproduced below. Each of the tubes here shown was made by cementing half a Michelin Tube to half a tube of another make.

These composite tubes were then run to destruction in actual service.

Notice that when all the other sections had blown out, the Michelin sections remained intact.

The test has been repeated many times, always with the same result - - conclusive evidence that Michelin Tubes *do* last longer, though they cost no more than other makes.

MICHELIN TIRE CO.
MILLTOWN, N. J.



MICHELIN

Canada.

LIFE

STERLING SILVER
PLATINUM AND GOLD
JEWELRY
PRECIOUS STONES
WATCHES, CLOCKS
LEATHER GOODS
STATIONERY
CANES, UMBRELLAS

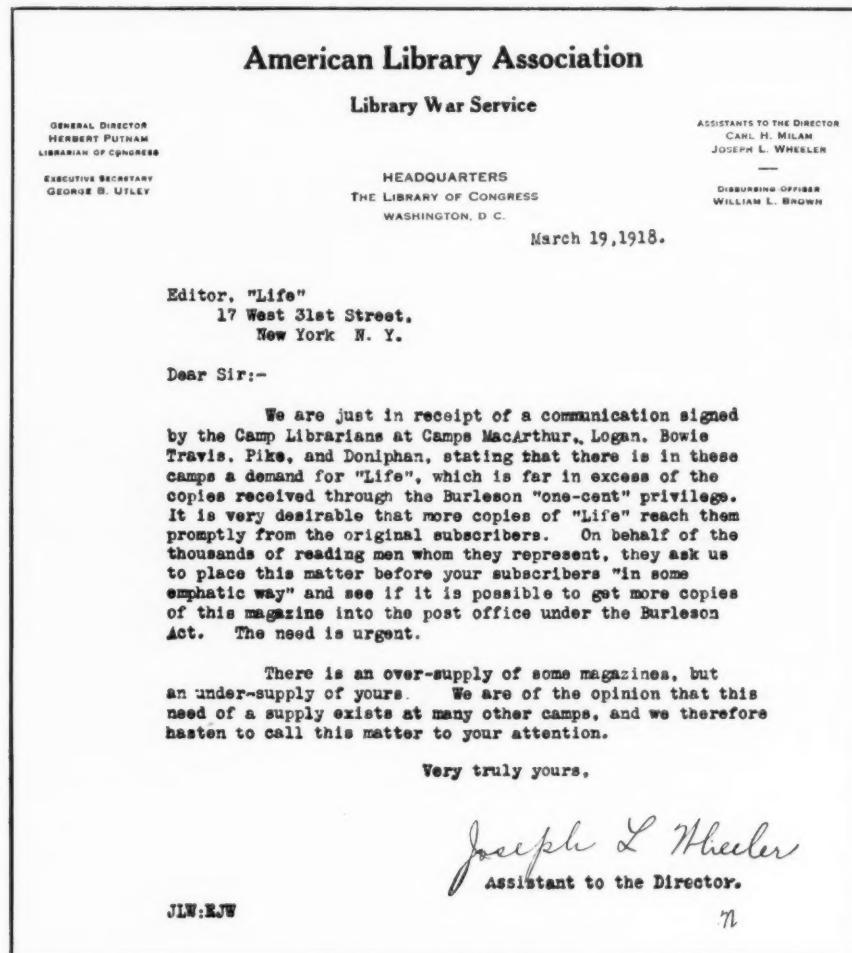


REED & BARTON

ESTABLISHED 1824

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS - FIFTH AVENUE AT 32nd STREET, - 4 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK

This is an interesting letter:



Special Offer
Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 37
One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

"In Some Emphatic Way"

We reproduce on this page a photographic fac-simile of the letter recently received from the American Library Association, in order that the readers of LIFE may realize what it means to our men in camps to have a sufficient supply of reading matter, and especially the necessity for keeping up their spirits by the reading of LIFE.

What can YOU do? Two things.

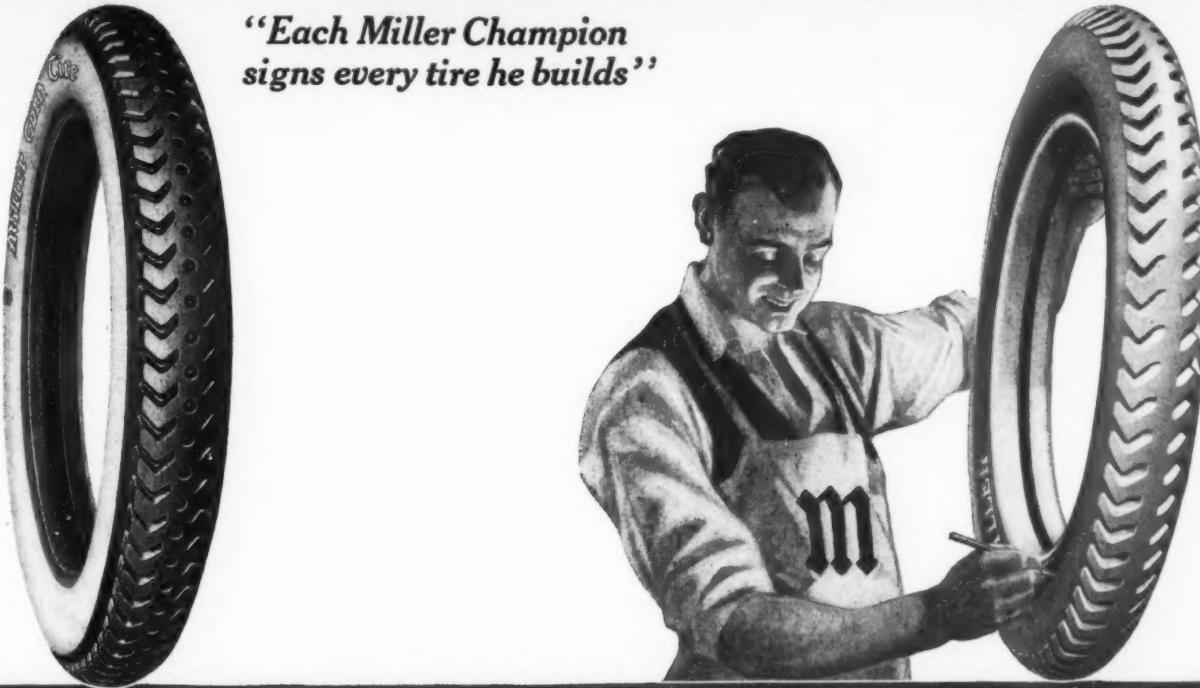
You can follow the directions printed on the cover of each issue of LIFE. Drop your used copy in the post box according to directions.

Or, if you have any soldier relatives or friends either in camps or at the front, you can subscribe for them directly, so they will receive LIFE regularly. One copy of LIFE is read by a host of the boys serving their country.

Subscriptions to LIFE may be sent to American soldiers abroad at American rates of postage if addressed to them as members of the American Expeditionary Forces.

The price of annual subscriptions, postage included, for Canadian, British and other soldiers in the Allied armies, is \$6.04.

"Each Miller Champion signs every tire he builds"



99 Millers in 100 Outrun Guarantees

Uniform Tires That Only Masters Can Make

DON'T judge any make of tires by the exceptional mileage one tire may have given. All manufacturers have their "lucky" casings—so judge by averages alone. And don't gauge quality by guarantees. No written warrant can mend a blow-out when you are miles from nowhere, in a ditch.

Take the safe course as proved by everyday averages covering thousands of tires run by private owners.

That proof shows this—that Miller Tires are uniform. That 99 Millers in 100 outrun guarantees. That not even 1 per cent have to be adjusted.

Today the Miller outsells every other make at retail in Akron, Ohio, where 70 per cent of American tires are made.

Several manufacturers are building many good tires. For methods today are known to all makers. Machines are standard, as are grades of cotton and rubber. But workmen differ radically. And just so much must tires vary also.

Only by making handwork uniform, as Miller has done, can tires be made as uniform as Miller Tires.

Miller  **Tires**

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

Geared-to-the-Road

The Miller tread is geared-to-the-road. So the caterpillar cogs engage the ground at all times.

That prevents skidding and makes roads safer. And in starting, it gives the wheels sure-footed traction.

You now have the facts. Resolve that unearned guarantees won't hold you to "trade-out" tires any longer.

Uniform Millers are to be had at present, but only enough for one motorist in fifty can be made this year. To be safe, see the Miller dealer now and reserve your supply.

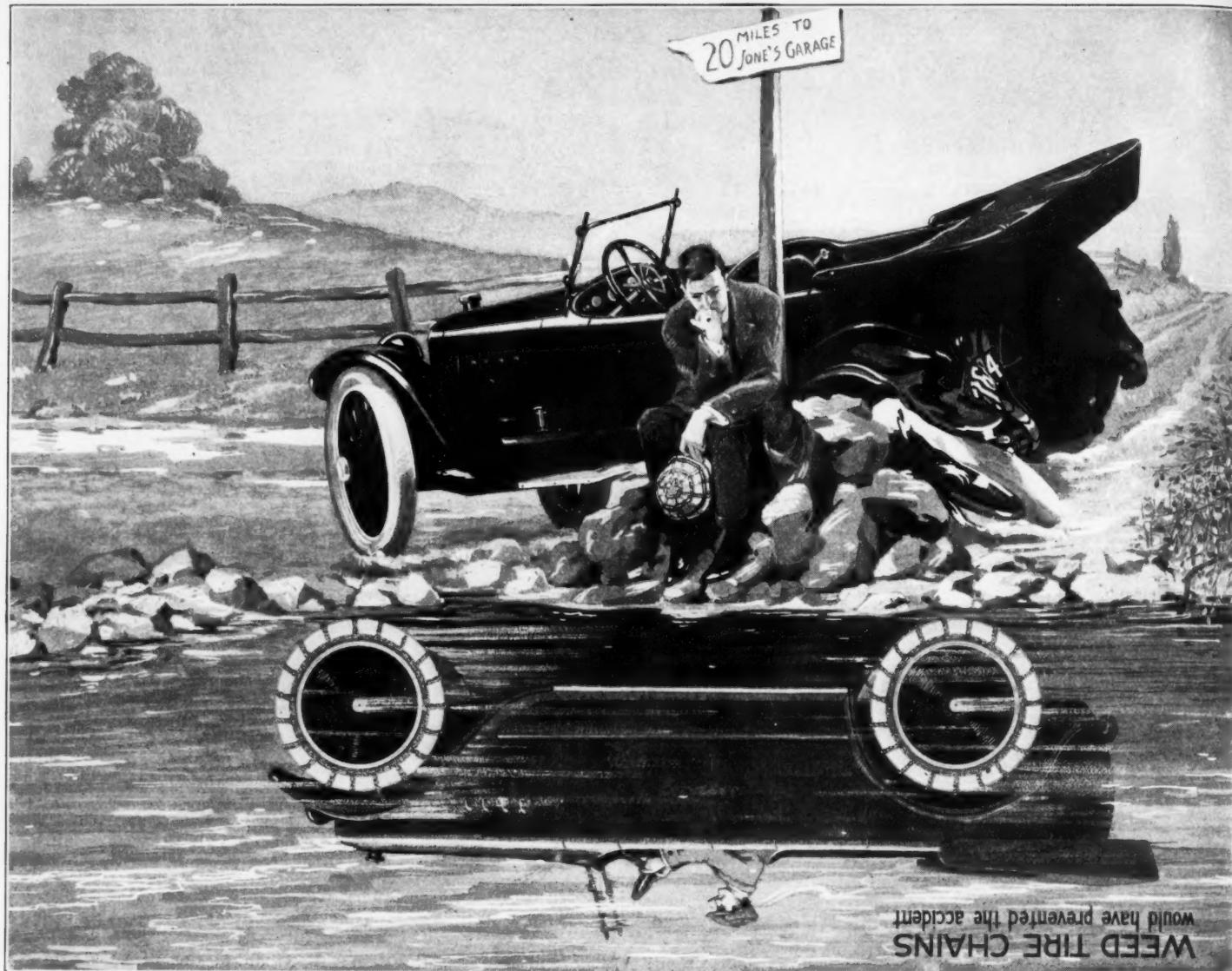
MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes, the Team-Mates of Uniform Tires

Also Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods--for Homes as Well as for Hospitals

Distributors, Dealers and others desiring a profitable agency with an assured future should write us for attractive proposition.

A few exceptional territories to be awarded soon



WEED TIRE CHAINS
would have prevented the accident

Reflections After the Skidding Accident

Reflections that show Tire Chains as the only real dependable device for the prevention of skidding, do not come to some motorists until their bare rubber tires skid and carry them upon the rocks of disaster. How strange it is that some men are never guided by the experience of others, never take the lesson home to themselves until too late.

Weed Tire Chains
for
Pneumatic Tires



The world's largest automobile insurers, after long and vast experience in handling automobile accident claims, strongly advise the use of Tire Chains on every automobile they insure. The Aetna Life Insurance Company, The Aetna Casualty and Surety Company and The Automobile Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., now print on their automobile policies the vital information that Tire Chains are the only real dependable device for the prevention of skidding. Could anyone imagine a stronger endorsement?

They read the newspaper accounts of disastrous skidding accidents caused by lack of Tire Chains, but they do not heed the warning. They wait until the skidding of their own bare rubber tires results in death, injury or car-damage before they realize that tires are safe on wet-slippery-skiddly roads *only* when encased in Tire Chains.

Weed Tire Chains
for
Solid Tires



Weed Chains on Your Tires Reflect Your Prudence and Intelligence

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.

BRIDGEPORT  CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

THE LIFE SAVER

Calvary

LONG the road that pilgrims' feet once trod
 The Huns wrenched down the Stations of the Cross,
 Defiled them on the torn and bloody sod,
 And mocked sad captives who bewailed their loss.

And when next day French troops came hastening
 To wrest back lands where loyal legions died,
 They found, nailed to an ancient scaffolding,
 The image of the Christ—re-crucified!

Charlotte Becker.



Germany: ACH, WILLIAM! AIN'T WE COUNTING TOO MUCH ON DIS MACHINE?

storous
chains,
wait
tires
before
pervy-
chains.

Chains
Tires

Chain

Life's Horoscopes

BILLY SUNDAY



THIS gentleman was born with all the planets on bases, Venus making a home run, a straight flush on the face of the moon, and pousses cafés rampant. When Mercury and the Crab are in conjunction with Cassiopeia's Chair, the sun is up and there is darkness on the face of the deep, he should never speak above a whisper. Looks well in a St. Vitus mother hubbard, and should practice

climbing palm trees when in the soul-saving zone, or when about to obey that impulse. Should avoid large sums of money and live on Jersey lightning, malted gin rickeys and whiskey sundaes, with or without nuts, according to personal needs.

W. R. HEARST

THE orbit of Serpens being in perihelion with the fourth mansion of the Moon, Mars hovering over Mexico, Aquila hiding under the Great Bear, and traitors visible in the medulla oblongata—it was at this crucial moment that our hero of a thousand scandals was ushered into a horror-stricken world, and the future "character assassin," as he has been termed by Woodrow Wilson, moved into his yellow orbit. He looks well in a German helmet, with bifurcated hohenzollerns on the side, trimmed



Don'ts for Departing Soldiers

DON'T promise to bring home one of the Kaiser's ears to your sweetheart. Remember there are a million others going over too.

Don't spend all your time studying French. A little German will be useful when you enter Berlin.

Don't complain if you fail to get the cake your folks sent you. Console yourself with the fact that somebody appreciated it, anyway.

Don't curse the phonograph in the next trench. Remember the Germans are suffering as much as you.

Don't worry about when you will get your first wound. Speculate rather on how you will bring in your first prisoner.

Don't think you will be forgotten. Somewhere, across the water, a service flag is flying proudly for you.

The Real Thing

WHY should he wear a uniform when he isn't fighting?"

"But he is. He is fighting red tape in Washington."

with Brisbane persiflage and mendacity tassels. Should avoid patriotic meetings, people who tell the truth, and during spring, summer, autumn and winter should live in Berlin. Will do his best work in a German U-boat, or as sexton in an internment camp.

CLAUDE KITCHIN

THIS gentleman originally had his birth in parts of North and South Carolina, thence spreading over the South, and finally rising abruptly to a height of several millions over the tax-growing countries of the North. But with Mars ascendant and the orbit of Gemini in excess profits with Neptune and Cancer and eight-percent, income jokers rising overnight in the East, he came to life once more, and is now robbing New England Peter to pay Alabama Paul. He looks well in a complete suit of cotton batting, with prohibition handcuffs, and should avoid politics, cold air and square deals. Does his best work underground, and, when emerging from committees, should make a noise like a statesman to camouflage everybody who doesn't know him. He will pass away in November, 1920, amid paens of thanksgiving.



"TUT! TUT! I'M SURPRISED TO HEAR YOU BOYS USING BAD LANGUAGE."

"WE WEREN'T USIN' BAD LANWIDGE. WE WAS SAYIN' 'TO HELL WIT' THE KAISER!'"

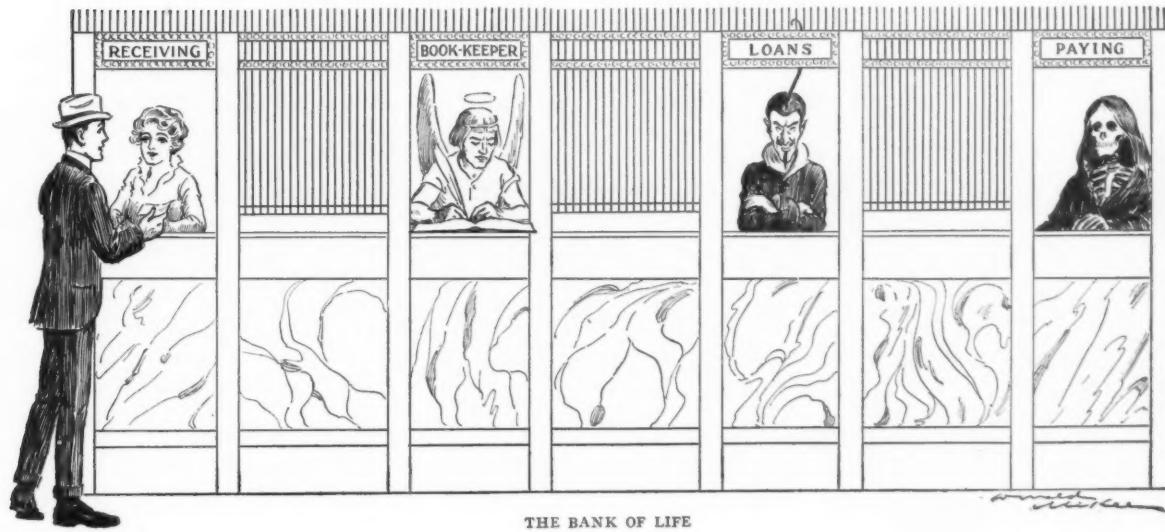
"OH! I BEG YOUR PARDON!"



"YES, MADAM, THIS IS THE ROW OF CELLS WHERE WE KEEP THE EDITORS WHO HAVE CRITICIZED THE ADMINISTRATION."

"THEY LEAD A JOYLESS LIFE, DON'T THEY?"

"WELL, IN A WAY. STILL, THEIR CELLS LOOK OUT YONDER ON THE SUNLIT LAWN WHERE THEY CAN SEE THE INTERNED GERMANS PLAYING TENNIS."



THE BANK OF LIFE

LIFE



SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS

Destiny

IF it isn't a bacillus,
Comes some other foe to kill us—
Ptomaines, benzoates, torpedoes,
Cars that skid, love, nicotine,
Wars, invasions, stocks, excitement,
Various forms of mad delightment,
Gastronomical excesses,
Worry, wealth or gasoline.

If the microbe fails to pot us,
Comes some minor fiend to swat us—
Income taxes, cost-of-living,
Torpid livers, poli-tics,
Slapstick Chaplin, "Billy" Sunday,
Mister Vee-ya, Mrs. Grundy,
Cubist art—or something twisted
Where resides one's ap-pen-dix.

If the germ omits to nab us,
Comes some sterner foe to grab us—
Verse-that-doesn't-rhyme, the movies,
Potted dinners *à la carte*,
Millionaires that make munition,
Labor troubles, prohibition,
Reno widows, Hiram Johnson,
Teddy and Tobacco Heart.

Why evade when all is fated,
Fixed, foredoomed, predestinated,
Preordained, decreed by forces
With a superhuman trend?
Dodge how'er we may bacilli
Fate o'er-takes us willy-nilly,
And we know we're booked to get it
Somewhere, somehow, in the end.

Irving Dillon.

Helping H. Hoover

eroically
eeding
erbert
oover's
ealth
omilies
elps
asten
ellish
ohenzollernism's
cgira.

"SENATOR CHAMBERLAIN certainly stirred things up, didn't he?"

"He certainly did. Perhaps through him we may yet get the war over a year or so earlier."



Shade of Napoleon: AND THEY CALL THIS A CHARGE!

Why Worry?

ACCORDING to an official announcement published in the *New York Times* with regard to the inoculation of soldiers:

The Public Health Service will endeavor to find methods for securing a more reliable serum for meningitis and will then, through its control over the sale of these products in interstate traffic, see that these methods are used. It is expected that some improvements will also be made in the case of serums used in the prevention and cure of other communicable diseases.

It is interesting to note that the medical authorities are willing to admit that there is room for improvement in serums. But if the extraordinary claims already made for them are true, why should it be necessary to improve them?

A N army marches on its stomach at the expense of the stomachs of the inhabitants of occupied territory.

SPAIN must choose between being matador to the Allies or door-mat to Germany.



HER BOY

Berlin Locals

(After the War)

BILL HOHENZOLLERN in his cage in the Zoo must not be fed with peanuts by little girls and boys. The police have stopped the practice.

Baseball to-day at three—Schöneberg Polo Grounds. Bavarian League against Saxon Americans. Admission, 23 pfennig.

The Royal Palace has been done over into a tabernacle, and Billy Sunday's drive will begin there next week. Billy expects to convert about four thousand daily, not including the old members of the Prussian Guard. There are, in all, twenty-three of these left, most of them conductors on the new Berlin Subway.

WANTED: Jokes, to help end the war; cheerful jokes, joyful jokes, merry jokes, jokes with humor in them, pointed jokes and jokes that make you laugh. No jokes can now be slackers, but must work day and night in the common cause. Each joke will be expected to do more than his bit. If you are beyond the age limit, put on some new clothes, change your face and take your place in the camouflage line. Somebody hasn't heard about you, and you will do him good. Also, be ready not only to work in the trenches, but



"I THOUGHT YOU SAID THE FOREIGN GINK WAS A SPY AND THAT HE WAS TO BE SHOT AT SUNRISE."

"SO HE WAS, BUT A FOG BUTTED IN, AND THEY WASN'T NO SUNRISE."



LATE BLOOMERS

to go over the top. Every joke that has hitherto led a life of ease, perhaps idling his time away in some country town, should now take off his coat and work to keep up the spirits of everybody else. Remember, a solemn responsibility devolves upon each one of you. Small jokes and large jokes, rich jokes and poor jokes, white, black and piebald, moth-eaten and fresh, every joke in which there is a ray of sunshine must now do his duty and help beat Germany. And remember, there is

no danger of your being taken prisoner, as no German would know you if he saw you, unless you were a practical joke.

His Training

OFFICER: How did you happen to attain such proficiency in bayonet-thrusting when you have never had any previous army experience?

RECruit: I got it in a boarding-house, reaching the length of the table for a piece of steak.



"In the spring a young Hun's fancy—"



THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE

The Right Triumphs

THE announcement made by Chairman Harvey D. Gibson, that hereafter the use of Red Cross funds for purposes of vivisection will be discontinued, comes as a gratifying endorsement of the power of public opinion.

With the exception of the *Christian Science Monitor*, LIFE was practically the only paper in this country to call attention to the gross misuse of money contributed by citizens for Red Cross purposes and used by the Red Cross for so-called research work.

This research work consisted of the expenditure of one hundred thousand dollars for a research hospital erected in France for animal experimental purposes. This vicious project was put through by a small clique of medical men. It was done under cover, in the apparent belief that the misuse of these funds would not become generally known.

Throughout the country the newspapers were either silent on the subject or treated it with contempt, as being due to the "aberrations" of the anti-vivisectionists.

Practically in every issue of LIFE we referred to the matter, either pictorially or otherwise, and the hosts of letters we received from indignant subscribers all over the country testified to the deep interest felt. It appears now that, in view of the widespread feeling aroused, the managers of the Red Cross have realized their error. It is stated that money already spent for vivisection work will be refunded through the same source, and that hereafter money contributed generally to the Red Cross will not be used for research work. It is also announced that a private individual who believes in vivisection will support this work.

In making its fight against the misuse of these contributions, LIFE has had no quarrel with the Red Cross and the



Enthusiastic Sammy: CAN THE KAISER!
Friendly Scot: NO, NO, LADDIE, DINNA BE FEARED. EVERYBODY KENS THAT HE CANNA'.



CAMOUFLAGE
TEUTONIC AND GREEK



WHY NOT A CONGRESSIONAL STAFF FOR PERSHING?

magnificent work done by its workers in many fields. We have personally contributed regularly to the Red Cross up to the time that we supposed the money thus contributed was being used for legitimate purposes. The Red Cross must be supported. This is absolutely necessary, and the support should be spontaneous and complete. But our contention was that to ask people who were strongly opposed to vivisection to contribute money to the Red Cross, and then to have this money used for something that they did not believe in, was dishonest. This one hundred thousand dollars was a small part of the total money received, but the principle involved was fundamental. It is an axiom of financial honor that a contributor always has a right to know just how his money is going to be used.

Hereafter LIFE will continue to give the Red Cross its hearty support.

WOMEN do not have much to do with war; they only bear the men who go out to fight, nurse the ones who are wrecked while there, live with the ones who come back, and mourn for the ones who do not.

Questions of the Day

WHICH is the more relentless pursuit—that of the New York *World* for Colonel Roosevelt or that of President Wilson for General Wood?

If enemy aliens can kill American aviators by tampering with their machines, why should fussy Americans interfere?

Speaking of calves and ankles, are American maidens making up in patriotism what they lack in modesty?

Is it wise to punish a German baker just for putting ground glass in bread?

If it takes eight hundred million dollars to get one airplane to France how old will Secretary Baker be when the third one gets there?

Who has accomplished more for general efficiency than Senator Chamberlain?

As to ships and airplanes, army uniforms and shoes with soles of solid paper, who says we are not a business-like people?

Why does God make Prussians?

Intimate Interviews

I HAD no difficulty in finding Father Time. He was leisurely making his toilet before a mirror.

"Busy?" I asked.

"I'm never in a hurry," he replied calmly. "I used to hate to look at myself in the glass, for fear I was growing older, but after you get to a certain point it doesn't seem to make much difference. I haven't really changed much in the last couple of thousand years. What can I do for you? Only, remember"—he held up a warning finger—"nothing about the war!"

"But that's the only thing worth talking about," I protested. "And you, my dear young man, are the only one who can settle it. It's just a question of you."

I hoped that my calling him a young man might flatter him. But I guess, after all, that he has outlived flattery. He stroked his beard meditatively and smiled.

"The trouble with you and the rest of the country," he replied, "is impatience. Impatience, my friend, is the fault of the whole world, and particularly of nervous Americans. You don't want to pay the price. You want to stumble into your results and get them over with before the lesson has done you any good. Why, if you could quit now, you would lapse back in a jiffy into your former condition—extravagant, luxurious, selfish, commercial, vulgar."

"I hope you haven't any use for the Germans."

His ancient eyes flashed fire.

"Beasts!" he cried. "For forty years, while they were getting quietly ready, they stole a march on me. I am the only one now who can beat them."

"There's no doubt about your intention to do this?"

"Certainly not; but the thing has got to be done right. If you should beat them too soon, my son, the sacrifices already made would not be equalled by the benefits received. No! You must be taught by me the complete lesson."

"And how long, Father Time, will this take?"

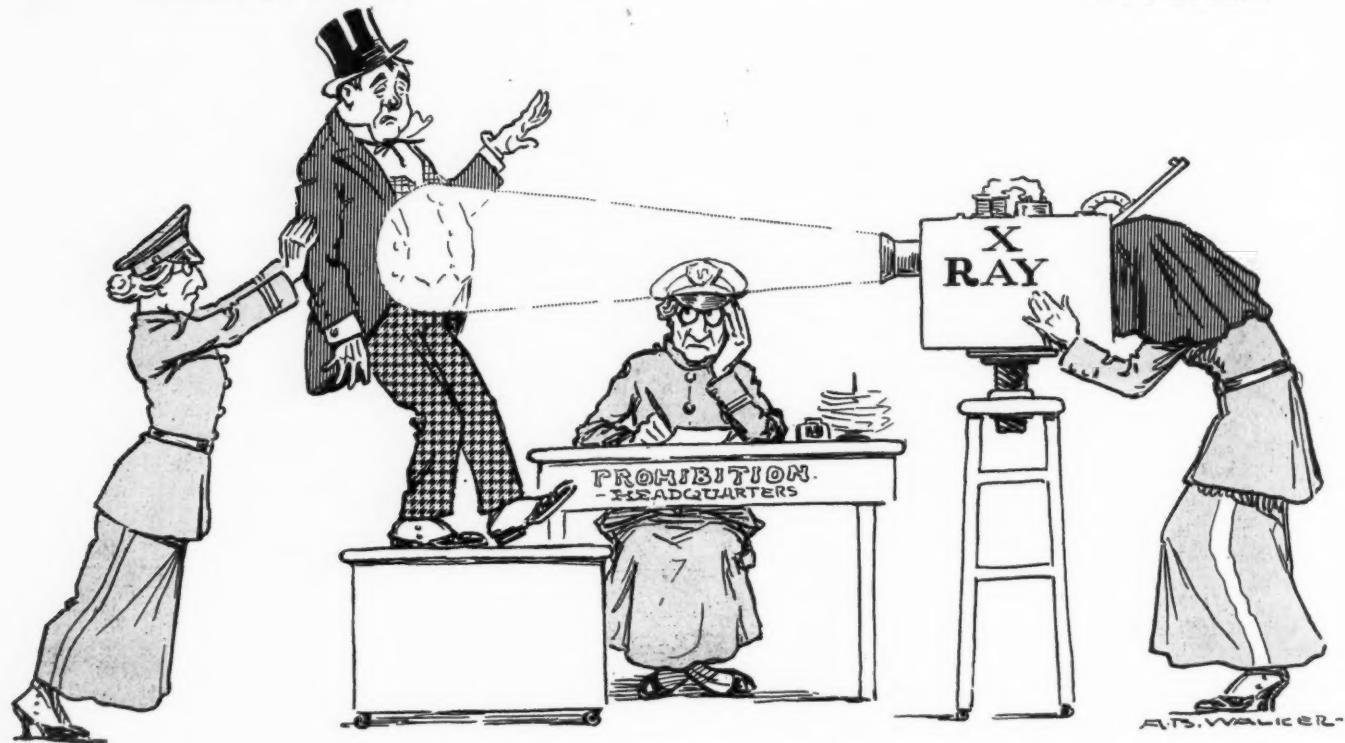
He turned and pierced me with his glance, waving his wrinkled hand imperiously toward the door. I knew that the interview was at an end. But I thought I would take one more chance.

"Look here, Father Time," I said, "I don't want to make any money out of this war. I'm not a secret German agent, or a food profiteer, or a man who has something the government wants and is willing to sell it for about four times what it is worth. I'm just anxious. Can you tell me when the war will end?"

He motioned me near. Then he grabbed me and whispered something in my ear.

"What!" I joyfully exclaimed, as I started for the door, quite satisfied with my interview. "Can it be possible? So soon as that?"

Thomas L. Masson.



WHERE DID HE GET IT, AND HOW MUCH?



"MY SON HAS JUST BEEN MADE A DIRECTOR IN HIS COMPANY."
 "HATE TO CROW OVER YOU, OLD MAN, BUT MINE'S JUST BEEN MADE A CORPORAL IN HIS."

Swords or Chains?

FROM chains we beat the swords that made us free;
 The swords we bent to scythes and reaped our gains;
 Let scythes be swords again! or men shall see
 Their metal forged anew to make us chains.

Bolshevik Rules for Establishing a Nation

REPUDIATE all national debts.
 Persecute persons with fortunes greater than twenty-five hundred dollars.

Imprison people who bathe oftener than once a month.
 Banish individuals who shave daily and wear clean linen.
 Encourage crime, drunkenness, murder, filth and disregard of law and order.

Remove from the army all officers with education and ability.

Place tramps and garment-stitchers at the head of the army and navy.

Order the army to fraternize with the enemy and to trust implicitly foes who murdered millions of their countrymen and ruthlessly devastated thousands of square miles of their lands.

Demobilize the army and sign a treaty of peace with a nation which cares no more for a treaty than for the honor of a woman or the life of a rat.

Appear startled when the enemy seizes thousands of square miles of territory in spite of the peace treaty.

Quit and run away after begging all citizens to fight the enemy's machine guns and bayonets with bare fists.

"HOW did they treat you in Washington?"

"Splendidly. They couldn't have treated me any better if I had been a German spy."



APRIL 25, 1918

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 71
No. 1852

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

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CHARLIE CHAPLIN has been drafted, Count Czernin has resigned, Senator William Joel Stone of Missouri has died, and Haig and Foch seem to be holding the Germans.

We get plenty of news now, such as it is; too much sometimes. It is worrisome to have the Germans sweep over so large a triangle in France, but we must consider that what has been temporarily lost in acres has been saved in lives. Acres can be reclaimed, but not lives once lost.

On this day of writing stocks are up a little, showing increased composure in the financial district, which, to do it justice, has not been much rattled at any time by this German drive. There is no use of anybody being rattled. Once is enough to be beaten; once is enough to die. Let us by no means anticipate defeat, or die beforehand of fear. It is a bad end and very unpleasant, and for us is quite unnecessary. If one is going to be beaten in war it is necessary to save all one's strength for it. Still more desirable is it to use one's strength to win: strength of mind, strength of will, strength of faith, as well as strength of body. Our side is going to win the war. Not a doubt of it! Victory will be dearly bought, but the Allies have the price. We may well mourn that so large a proportion of it is being paid by France and Britain; it is right that we should so mourn; but in so far as that can be helped it is being helped now. Our troops are in this

battle in appreciable force, and we know they are going over as fast as all available ships can carry them, and we know that is pretty fast.

Would that it were faster, but let us not depreciate unduly what we have done and what we are doing! Our allies by no means depreciate it. They know more about it than most of us do. They see what we don't. They feel what we don't. It makes a difference to them to have reserves piling in. They are almost too polite about what we do, but it is not all politeness. There is a large and increasing underlying substance indicated by such signs as that white flour is disappearing from use hereabouts that England, France, Belgium and some of the straitened neutrals may have it.



OUR war affairs since we got in have neither gone so ill as was feared, nor so well as was hoped. In ships and airplanes we are several months behind the expectations of the sanguine: in troops, trained or partly trained, we are abreast, if not ahead of them. In war-relief, Y. M. C. A. work, and all activities of that sort, our rating is high. We read very little of what our engineers and construction armies have done in France. Talk of late has been all about our failures and delinquencies, and very little about what we have accomplished. That is

all right. What we have done is done and doesn't need to be talked about, and what we have failed to do needs talking up.

Talk about that is salutary, though not always luminous. The airplane miscarriage has been talked about now for at least a month, and not, we hope, without benefit to reorganization and construction. Some bluffs have been called; some premature bragging has been punctured. The machines that should be helping to win the fight in Picardy do not exist; the all-American motor that was to do everything for airplanes that a motor could do is still very much a speculation in mechanics, and though it is not a failure, it is far from being the universal success that its great advertisement heralded, and it is some distance still from quantity production on a great scale. Nevertheless it is not the only airplane motor that is being made in this country, and the production of other and better ones of French and English designs is already considerable and is being increased.

The work already done is by no means all lost. There are plants which did not exist last year; mistakes have been demonstrated to be mistakes, and are in rapid process of correction. Misfit men have been demonstrated to be misfits, and are being superseded. By such processes as these huge jobs of novel rush-work usually break through. It is a common human habit to find the right way by trying the others, but in war that method is liable to involve defeat. It won't in our case because our allies have had their season of experiment and instruction, and have attained to actual efficiency and abundant equipment. They can piece us out where we are short in war material, and we can piece them out with indispensable food and men.



MAYOR HYLAN seems busier than usual just now in trying to upset the machinery of good government in-



stalled by his predecessors in office in New York. His efforts are vexatious, but not vital. There is a limit to his powers and to the harm he can do, and of course our city government was not perfect when he was dropped into it, and of course we should not expect, nor even hope, that a mayor incurred as he was should fail to demonstrate the inexpediency of his election. He is our misfortune, and we might as well take him philosophically, fighting him where it is necessary and possible, and otherwise leaving him to work out according to his nature, aims and capacity. If he interferes enough with the Health Department to run the death rate up for babies, maybe the parents of the babies will take notice at the next election. He has less to fear from giving us an inferior

superintendent of schools, because to a considerable part of the electorate schooling is still a necessary evil, and abatement or derangement of it would not be taken hard. Moreover, the experts in education seldom agree in their desires, and teacher politicians are more concerned about promotion and salaries than about the niceties of instruction.

Hylan can do damage and make trouble, and probably will, but he won't have a clean sweep, and he won't get in the way of the war. That is the vital matter—the war! No reasonable person expects much comfort in life till we have won it. Minor plagues and sorrows must be borne till then, and as long after as is necessary. Preoccupation with the war is largely accountable for Hylan's promotion, and, any-

way, he is incomparably preferable to Hillquit. Hillquit would have been a danger. Hylan is only a trial.



GEORGE CREEL is frowned upon for declaring that he should be proud to his dying day "that there was no rush of preparation in this country prior to the day the President went before Congress." It has not proved a popular deliverance. Most of the newspapers have berated him, and Congress has made him a subject of thought and oral discourse.

David Lawrence of the *Evening Post* doubts if George ever said so, but the *Times* cites stenographic evidence that he did. It is sad but amusing. George is in a position to sympathize with writers and speakers who say what they shouldn't, as from time to time all of them do, not even excepting the President.



COLONEL HOUSE'S *Life-and-Ex-
ploits* is being published on the
installment plan in the *Evening Post*,
and the Colonel is an object of much
sympathy. The natural inference is
that he must be preparing to run for
President to succeed Mr. Wilson, but
that is believed to be entirely un-
founded. The better opinion is that
the "Life" is being published because
there is no law against the publication
of biographies of citizens unless they
are libelous. Colonel House's biog-
raphy is not libelous at all, but compli-
mentary in a painfully high degree.
"Faithful are wounds of a friend,"
says the Bible, but it does not apply to
this publication by the *Evening Post*.

But nothing written can do a public
man a serious injury unless he writes
it himself, and this current disclosure,
as will be noticed and should be re-
membered, is not an autobiography, but
merely a "Life" by a self-appointed
scribe.



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LABOR



Products of a Persevering Industry



NAUTICAL sentiment, or sentiment of any kind, is entirely remote from the play of Messrs. Walter and Wilson, although they saw fit to choose for its title "Nancy Lee." All of its characters are hard as nails, and almost every allusion to love the play contains carries the suggestion of money or vice. The heroine's father sells her for money, her youthful lover steals to get money for her, and the man she finally marries gains his hearing because she knows he is rich. It purports to be a play of the times, but heaven help the times if the world is now populated only by such sordid characters as people the play!

The types are real enough, they are drawn with fidelity, and the cast is skilfully chosen to reproduce the types. They are threaded on an interesting dramatic story not entirely beyond the limits of probability. It is entirely possible to believe that the selfish and self-sufficient Union Club man personified by Mr. Lewis Stone, with his poise and delightful diction, could fall in love with the charms shown by Charlotte Walker, even if this heroine had spent her more important years with such companions as the coarse man-hunter portrayed to the life by Jobyna Howland. Such portrayals, without the slightest suggestion of anyone or anything better in the world, make one leave the theatre in a mood of pessimism far from pleasant.

As a matter of detail, if the authors would look up the words "infer" and "imply" in the dictionary they would improve the literary quality of two important speeches and would not help to perpetuate a common error.



MARILYNN MILLER

chorus is some chorus, even for the Longacre neighborhood. "Fancy Free" is a nice little bit of cheer-up.

LIFE regrets to differ with the esteemed Mr. Reamer of the *Sun* in his conclusions concerning Mme. Nazimova's latest performances of *Hedda Gabler*. What he takes to be a deliberate effort on the part of the star to burlesque Ibsen's immortal lady in pain is in fact only a further exaggeration of the actress's tricks and mannerisms. The result may be burlesque, but it is incredible that it could have been made intentionally by a high priestess of the Ibsen cult and one of its principal beneficiaries. Mr. Atwill's *George Tesman* was deliciously funny, and intentionally so, but it is not to be believed that the intent was present in the other case. But why argue? Every interpretation is a fresh solution of mysteries dear to the heart of the Ibsenite, and there is no good in destroying a more or less popular pastime.



ANOTHER, but presumably less enduring, field of conjecture was opened up in Mr. Rann Kennedy's "The Army with Banners." To the devout this strange concoction must have seemed verging closely on sacrilege and very puzzling; to others it seemed not only puzzling but dull and formless. The services of Edith Wynne Matthison and other competent artists could not help an erratic mixture of something resembling a play and a sermon without the amusing qualities of the one or the ethical value of the other.



THE time between the letting-out of the theatres and the one o'clock closing hour of places where drinks are sold seems very short for the purpose of getting enough money out of audiences to pay for a rather elaborate show of music, dancing and vaudeville. The "Grove" atop the Century Theatre, like its competitors in the same line, seems to be solving the problem.



M R. CHAUNCEY OLcott again approaches Broadway, always the sentimental Irishman, but this time in the costume of to-day and here instead of in the garb of Hibernian romance. His present medium is a very thin and obviously made-to-fit play, entitled "Once Upon a Time." It gives him opportunity to introduce several songs, one or two of which seem destined to popularity, to do a bit of Irish love-making and, best of all, display his charming manner with children. In this case the child does her full share in the scenes with the star, the rôle being filled by a most delightful little girl



REGINALD LOOKED LIKE THIS WHILE HIS CHEF FED HIM CAVIAR, FILET MIGNON, PÂTÉ DE FOIS GRAS, ETC.



BUT NOW THAT HE GETS PLAIN BAKED BEANS AND FRESH AIR HE LOOKS LIKE THIS.

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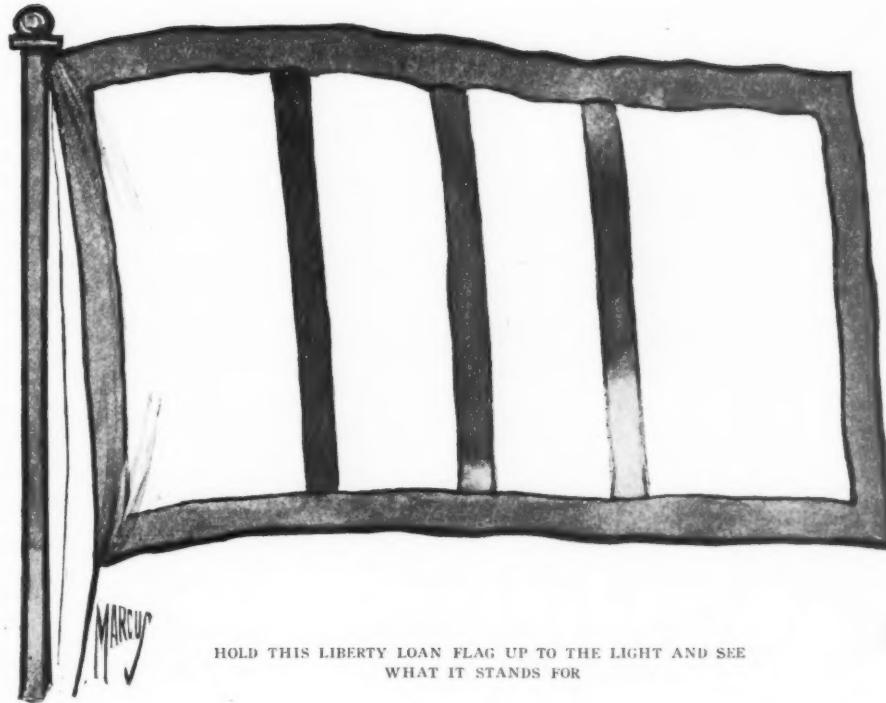
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named Bonnie Marie. She is neither precocious nor a prodigy, and her ability to act seems innate instead of the result of adult coaching. It seems entirely possible that this little girl may have an artistic future.



"APRIL" at the Punch and Judy falls in with the recent fashion in plays that use the supernatural to present contrasting plots. Riches are involved in the heroine's wishes for what might have been, and the result of marrying for them instead of the poverty of her actual life is shown in the personally conducted dream that constitutes most of the play. The smallness of the stage in a way robs the riches of some of their grandeur so far as the audience is concerned, and the heroine learns through her dream real riches are not always to be found in money bags. She therefore awakes to greater contentment. Which was to be shown. "April" has crude spots, both as a play and in acting. It is neither exciting nor highly entertaining, and it is difficult to estimate its value in the course of experiments Mr. Charles Hopkins is conducting at the Punch and Judy.

Metcalfe.



HOLD THIS LIBERTY LOAN FLAG UP TO THE LIGHT AND SEE
WHAT IT STANDS FOR



Astor.—"Fancy Free" with Mr. Clifton Crawford. See above.
Belasco.—"Polly with a Past." Diverting and cleverly presented contemporary light comedy.

Belmont.—Carter, the magician. An amusing entertainment for those who are not experts in sleight of hand.

Bijou.—"The Squab Farm," by the Hattons. A comedy exposé of the immorality of the moving-picture industry.

Booth.—"Seventeen," by Mr. Booth Tarkington. The tragedies of puppy-love mad diverting in well acted semi-suburban comedy.

Broadhurst.—"Maytime." Very charming musical play, well formed.

Casino.—"An American Ace," by Mr. L. J. Carter. The present war made thrilling in its reduction to terms of ten-twenty-thirty melodrama.

Century.—"Chu Chin Chow." Elaborate and colorful spectacle of the Orient based on the legend of "The Forty Thieves."

Century Roof.—Very expensive but agreeable midnight entertainment for persons who are opposed to going to bed early.

Cohan and Harris.—"A Tailor-Made Man." Good apparel's value as a business asset demonstrated in well acted and clever comedy.

Comedy.—The Washington Square Players in Oscar Wilde's "Salome." Notice later.

Cort.—"Flo Flo." The art of stage undressing demonstrated in girl-and-music show of the ordinary type.

Criterion.—Laurette Taylor in "Happiness," by Mr. Hartley Mansers. An entertaining play of American lower middle-class life with the star as a charming girl heroine.

Eltinge.—"Business Before Pleasure." Messrs. Glass and Goodman laughably induct Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter into the moving-picture industry.

Empire.—Ethel Barrymore in "The Off Chance," by Mr. R. C. Carton. Interesting comedy of fast life in London society, very well played.

Forty-fourth Street.—Mr. D. W. Griffith's spectacular movie play, "Hearts of the World." Most elaborate movie drama with impressive war scenes and all the virtues and defects of the movie medium.

Forty-fourth Street Roof.—"A Pair of Petticoats," by Mr. Cyril Harcourt. Very clever English comedy of the day, excellently played.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Man Who Stayed at Home." Interesting spy play formerly done under the title of "The White Feather."

Fulton.—Mr. Chauncey Olcott in "Once Upon a Time," by Rachel Crothers. See above.

Globe.—"Jack o' Lantern," with Mr. Fred Stone. The fun of the star backed up with a brilliant girl-and-music show.

Harris.—"Her Country." Propaganda play, not very well acted, but carrying a lesson against the marriage of American girls with foreigners, especially Germans.

Henry Miller's.—"The Fountain of Youth," by Mr. Louis Evan Shipman. Amusing comedy with the emphasis strongly laid on Mr. Miller's impersonation of the hero.

Hippodrome.—"Cheer Up." Patriotic demonstration with a big background of vaudeville, ballet and spectacle.

Hudson.—"Nancy Lee," by Mr. Eugene Walters. See above.

Liberty.—"Going Up." Mr. Frank Craven as the amusing hero of an aviating musical play.

Longacre.—"Yes or No." Original staging of an interesting and well acted double-barrelled drama.

Lyceum.—"Tiger Rose." The Canadian Northwest the scene of a stirring and picturesquely staged melodrama.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Eyes of Youth." A bit of magic the oasis of a well played drama showing the possibilities of a woman's life.

Morasco.—"Lombardi, Ltd." by the Hattons. Flashy depiction of the intimate life of a fashionable man dressmaker in New York with its romantic possibilities.

Park.—"Seven Days' Leave," by Mr. Walter Howard.

Playhouse.—"The Little Teacher," by Mr. Harry James Smith. Rural drama with Mary Ryan effective in the title part.

Plymouth.—Mme. Nazimova in Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." See above.

Princess.—"Oh, Lady! Lady!" by Messrs. Bolton, Wodehouse and Kern. A bit of fluffy diversion in the form of a tuneful girl-and-music show.

Punch and Judy.—"April," by Mr. Herbert Osborne. See above.

Republic.—"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," by Messrs. Bell and Swan. Not refined but very laughable farcical comedy.

Shubert.—"The Copperhead," by Mr. Augustus Thomas, with Mr. Lionel Barrymore in the leading part. An unusual piece of acting in a strong play of the Civil War.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"A Cure for Curables," by Messrs. Biggers and Whitman. Satirical comedy with its target the fondness of Americans for being victimized by sanitarium doctors.

Vanderbilt.—"Oh, Look!" Ragtime without limit in a frothy girl-and-music show.

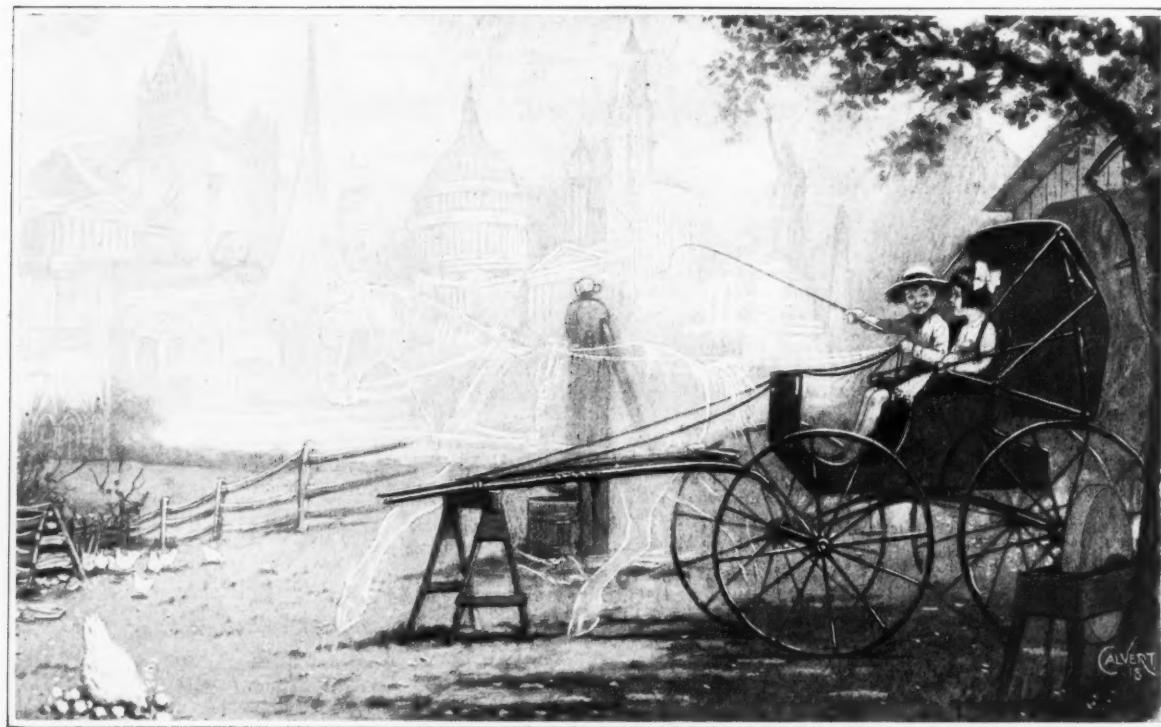
Vieux Colombier.—Edith Wynne Matthison in "The Army with Banners," by Dr. Chas. Rann Kennedy. See above.

Winter Garden.—"Sinbad." Large-scale and brilliant girl-and-music show designed to please the taste of the t. b. m.

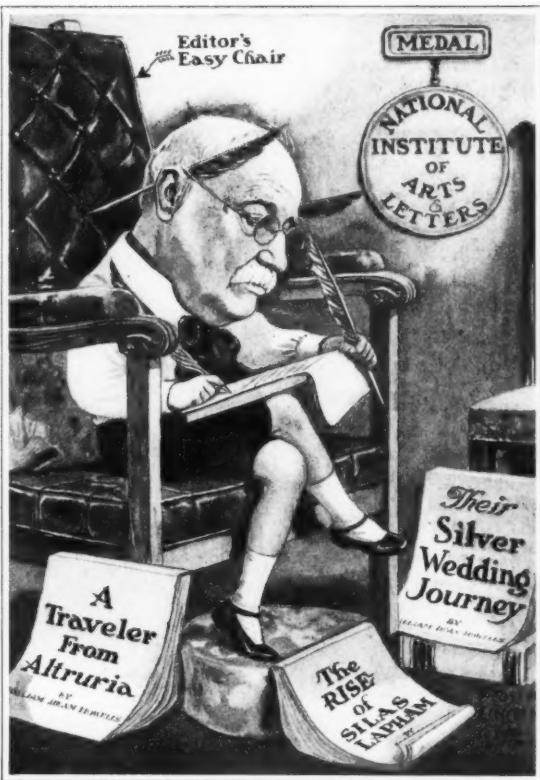
Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.—Supper, dancing and vaudeville entertainment for those who do not believe in daylight saving.

The Dog's Life

THE modern tendency among dog-owners is to destroy the potency of the time-honored phrase "to lead a dog's life." The present-day dog is apt to receive kisses where the dog of former times received kicks. Instead of being thrust into a mouldy cellar or cast into outer darkness when the family retires, a dog now has an excellent chance of being allowed to sleep at the foot of the bed, even though by so doing he cramps his owner's limbs into bow-knots. When he ventures outside the family circle it is not unusual for him to be embraced by beautiful women, while brave but unnoticed men stand in the background and pant vainly for similar treatment. If the dog's owner possesses an automobile, the dog occupies the front seat by right of eminent domain and assumes a proprietary and condescending attitude toward all others who ride with him. People who have been using a dog's life as a synonym for hardships would do well to wake up.



THE GLOBE-TROTTERS



WILLIE HOWELLS

HISTORIC BOYS



OUR JOSEPHUS

The Age of Old Men

MR. HENRY FORD appears to have made a great discovery, not unworthy to rank among his best inventions. In a recent interview in the *World* he was asked if he had found it necessary to employ women, and he replied: "No; I'm using old men—or men that used to be called old. And they are fine."

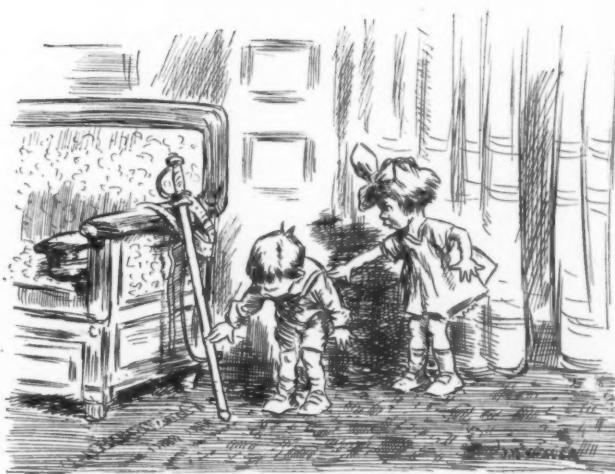
It was not so long ago that some of our most respectable railroads made a rule not to engage men over forty-five years of age. Now our greatest employer is discovering that old men are fine for work. Certainly the war is teaching us something.

Old men, so called, are pretty likely to make up by experience—by knowing what to avoid—what they may lack in strength. For one thing, they are reliable.

Those short-sighted railroads would now be glad to get them at almost any price—if Mr. Ford didn't cover the market.

PAPA, what is an indemnity?"

"What you must pay for something that you have done. For example, the South is now making the North pay an indemnity for the Civil War."



SOLICITUDE

"O-o-oh! Leave that alone, Bobbie! Where would you be, supposin' it was to go off?"

No Matter Who Wins, the Babies Will Need Us



RENÉ BERTHELOT, BABY 2198

EVERY genuine and optimistic American can see but one issue to the war—the triumph of the Allied arms and the downfall of Prussian barbarism. Whatever the event, though, the orphaned babies of France will still need help for at least the two-year period covered by full subscriptions to this fund. Should peace with victory come to-morrow—and would that it might be so!—the babies must still be nourished and cared for. Therefore let no over-hopeful person, considering a contribution to the fund, be deterred therefrom by any idea of an early end of the great necessity.

LIFE refuses to contemplate the world-disaster of the other alternative, but if, for our many sins, it should be visited upon us, there at least will be left to us the consciousness of having helped the suffering little ones when we could.

As to the change of name, we would say that La Fraternité Franco-Américaine is exactly the same as "The Fatherless Children of France," the difference being that the new name conveys a clearer meaning to the French people.

We have received, in all, \$191,130.08, from which we have remitted to Paris 1,066,039.95 francs. We gratefully acknowledge from

H. F., Philadelphia, Pa., for Babies Nos. 2526 to 2535, inclusive.....	\$730
Miss Frances L. Otis, Oshkosh, Wis., for Baby No. 2536.....	73
Mrs. Harry L. Johnson, Johnson City, N. Y., for Baby No. 2537.....	73
Alice Yeomans and Ruth C. Yeomans, Andover, Conn., for Baby No. 2538.....	73
Crawford Gordon, South Lincoln, Mass., for Baby No. 2539.....	73
"A Lynn Bridge Club," for Baby No. 2540.....	73
Miss Mary C. Warner, Titusville, Pa., for Baby No. 2541.....	73
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. L. Lawton, Hancock, Mich., for Baby No. 2545.....	73
G. E. Noli, Los Angeles, Cal., for Babies Nos. 2547 and 2548.....	146
Dr. and Mrs. Charles C. Walker, Bangkok, Siam, for Baby No. 2549, and photograph.....	75
Henry Berg and Reginald Dynes, Miles City, Mont., for Baby No. 2550.....	73
Miss Lucy W. Kurtz, Reading, Pa., for Baby No. 2551.....	73
Mrs. F. R. Ayer, Bangor, Me., for Baby No. 2553.....	73
Mrs. Sydney Harwood, Newton, Mass., for Baby No. 2554.....	73
"In memory of John Freeman Nutting," Boston, Mass., for Baby No. 2555.....	73
W. O. J., Passaic, N. J., for Baby No. 2556.....	73
Miss Della Hudson, Cleveland, Ohio, for Babies Nos. 2558 and 2559.....	146
Anna Wall, Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 2560.....	73
"H. E. H., Halifax," for Baby No. 2564.....	73
Katherine May White, Narberth, Pa., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 69.....	73
Mrs. James J. Cutler, Rochester, N. Y., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 90.....	73
"Ex-smoker," Camp Travis, Texas, on account of Babies Nos. 2542 and 2543.....	20
Mrs. A. S. Sigurdson, Valley City, N. D., on account of Baby No. 2245.....	3
Mrs. Edward V. Robertson, Cody, Wyo., on account of Baby No. 2546.....	25
Mrs. Aline Shane Devin, Eliot, Me., final payment for Baby No. 2460.....	17.40
Louise Ruffin, Grenada, Miss., on account of Baby No. 1914.....	3
L. G. Moultre, Valley City, N. D., on account of Baby No. 1812.....	3
Doctors and nurses in the Titusville Hospital, Titusville, Pa., on account of Baby No. 2301.....	15
A. F. Cayford, Pittsburgh, Pa., on account of Baby No. 2413.....	10
The Ethical Culture School, New York City, on account of Baby No. 1867.....	6
Nathan Krauskopf, New York City, on account of Baby No. 2557.....	10
The Jobe's Efficiency Club, Xenia, Ohio, on account of Babies Nos. 2561, 2562 and 2563.....	6.30
Carol Daube and Florence Davis, Northampton, Mass., on account of Baby No. 2315.....	10
"The Club," through Miss Eliza Scott, Cincinnati, Ohio, on account of Baby No. 2410.....	5

BABY NUMBER 2514

Already acknowledged.....	\$68.83
"In memory of Major Asa Fisk," Naugatuck, Conn.....	4.17

BABY NUMBER 2544

"In memory of Major Asa Fisk," Naugatuck, Conn.....	\$4.80
F. L. G., Monaca, Pa.....	2
A. H. T., Syracuse, N. Y.....	5
L. L. Burwell, Salem, Va.....	5
"Billy Jackson," Sapulpa, Okla.....	2
Seventh Grade of Cossitt Avenue School, La Grange, Ill., through Miss Esther A. Craigmire.....	13.65
	\$32.48



PAULETTE BENGUE, BABY 1237



RAYMONDE DARRAS, BABY 852

We are informed that the French and Belgian governments are opposed to the adoption of war orphans out of those countries.

Life's Title Contest

For the best titles to the picture on this page

LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize, . . . \$500.00
Second Prize, . . . \$200.00
Third Prize, . . . \$100.00

With Special Prizes for Soldiers and Sailors

The contest will be governed by the following

CONDITIONS

Contestants are advised to read these conditions carefully, and to conform to them exactly. LIFE cannot undertake to enter into correspondence or to reply to inquiries.

By "best" is understood those titles which most cleverly and briefly describe the situation shown in the picture.

No title submitted shall consist of more than twenty-five words. Hyphenated words will be counted as one. Contestants may send in more than one answer, but each one must be on a separate sheet, with name and address plainly written.

The contest is open to everybody. In case a prize is won by a Soldier or Sailor \$100.00 extra will be added to the first prize, \$50.00 extra to the second and \$25.00 extra to the third. By the term Soldier and Sailor is meant anyone, no matter what the rank, in the uniformed forces of the United States



For the Best Titles to this Picture \$800 will be given in Prizes

See conditions on this page

government. In case of any dispute as to the status of a winning contestant under these terms the Editors of LIFE will be the sole judges. But a liberal interpretation will be placed on the conditions.

The contest is now open. It will close at noon on May 6, 1918, no manuscripts received after that time being considered.

All manuscripts should be addressed to the Contest Editor of LIFE, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York. Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered. Envelopes must contain nothing but the competing title and the name and address of the sender, plainly written, all on the same sheet. If you have anything else to say to LIFE, send it in a separate letter. The Editors will not be responsible for

the loss of manuscripts. Contestants are advised to keep duplicate copies. No manuscripts will be returned.

Titles may be original or may be a quotation from some well-known author, but in this case the source must be accurately given.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE to be a contestant.

In case of ties the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest. Of this due notice will be given. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcements of the award.

The earlier you send your title the better. In previous contests many arrived too late.



*"I WOULDN'T TOUCH THAT, MY DEAR,
 TO-DAY IS WORMLESS TUESDAY, YOU
 KNOW."*

Letters from the Front

FOR letters from men in the American fighting forces in France LIFE will pay ten dollars each, if they are considered of sufficient interest to print.

Each letter should be addressed to the Editor, and should be short. Preferably, it should deal with some phase of life at the Front, and the preference will be given to humorous incidents, short anecdotes or matters of fact or human interest.

Correspondents are advised to keep duplicates. The name and address of the sender should be plainly written on each manuscript.

France Still Lives

Since our arrival here we have seen a great deal of France. If we were touring, things, of course, might be different. France still lives as its ancestors did, and anything modern seems to annoy them.

We are working very hard now, and haven't time to think straight. At present we march forth each dewy morn (very dewy!) armed with a shovel, which we are instructed to work overtime. The shovel never objects, but—. To make a long story short, we are fast becoming fit to kill, as it were. I shall quote from memory a few lines from Chas. Swinburne, which best and most fittingly describe our plight:

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be—
That no life lives forever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

There are times when I really feel despondent, and an eternal night is all that I can see. This is foolish, though, isn't it? It's just thinking that does it, don't you know—just foolish dreaming. You don't imagine how we long for the sight of home and friends. We try very hard to convince ourselves that peace is close at hand and that next fall shall find us back home. This is just an illusion, a comfort to the mind, that no one can deny us of. So we shall just go on hoping.

I wish you could look over the room in which I'm writing, and you ought to see what's sitting opposite me. It's about one hundred and two years old, and makes it known to us that he has a sweetheart who's just wild about him. I think that the famous "Fountain of Youth" is all bottled up over here. Why, at eighty or eighty-five they're just youngsters, and very much peevish that they weren't called to the front.

The fair sex is the kind that makes you want to write poetry, spend money and act foolish.

Well, there goes taps. Oh! This hay-foot, straw-foot stuff is a man's-size job, let me tell you!

T. E. D.

*Somewhere in France,
February, 1918.*

"Kultur"

From Miss Nena B—, at Château D'Oer, Switzerland, to Miss Joan Q—, at Washington, D. C.

January 20, 1918.

My Dear Joan: The weather here has been, and still is, annoyingly beautiful. The only war work is serving ham and eggs at the Red Cross hut for the Tommies, which does not appeal to me. I'm taking a holiday now, though I've almost forgotten how to play.

The latest dodge the Huns have is to put all the British officers in the munitions works whenever the Allied aeroplanes come on their bombing expeditions.

The common punishment for the Tommies whenever they refuse to work in the munitions or mines is to crucify them. One man I was chatting with told me he was strung up for twenty-four hours, and when they let him down they put him in a tub of ice-cold water and left him outside all night. When they considered he had been sufficiently punished, he was paralyzed. The spirit of these men makes me so unutterably proud to be of the same race.

There is one major, who was at Antwerp, a splendid man, six feet four inches tall, and broad in proportion. When he was captured the first act of the Hun officer who rode up to him was to spit in his face. He then asked several questions concerning the Belgian army, and then proceeded to search his prisoner. Finding fifteen pounds in gold on him, the Hun pocketed them, and the miniature of the major's wife was thrown down and crushed under the Hun's heel. They were then marched for several hours, until they were put into a cattle truck, in which they were for two days, all the time without food. Then at some vil-

lage they were put into the church for the night. One poor boy, who was wounded in the head, became light-headed from weakness, and began saying things about the Germans, who promptly put this poor boy, still delirious, up against the wall of the church and shot him. The next day they were marched through the village, and anybody who wanted to could throw stones at them. This major man was kicked behind, and fell, too weak to get up until his comrades helped him. After that, the train journey began again, and at one big station a Red Cross nurse came by with basins of soup, which she spat into before offering them to the starving men. Eventually, they reached their camp, more dead than alive. This major was put into a small room with eleven French and Russian officers. The only sanitary arrangement was a bucket at one end of the room, and none of the windows opened. He was for eight months in this hole, with no change of linen. During that time he went about bare-footed, to save his one pair of socks and shoes. They could not have lived without the parcels from home. For five days they lived on bread, composed of potatoes, mangel-wurzels and sawdust and a piece of lard. Afterward he was removed to another camp, which was better. At one meal all the officers were waiting, about fifty of them, and the dish that was served was dog, roasted whole. Can you imagine it? These fifty men began to bark, and continued barking until the dog was removed. They had no meal that day.

They do not like to talk about it, and it is only occasionally, when sitting by the fire, that they will begin to compare experiences, and I sit by, listening, too horrified to speak.

There are three officers in St. Moritz, slowly dying. They were gassed, and they suffer terribly.

Oh! the Germans *must* be crushed, and it is costing us dearly, but our sacrifices must not be made in vain.

Your friend,

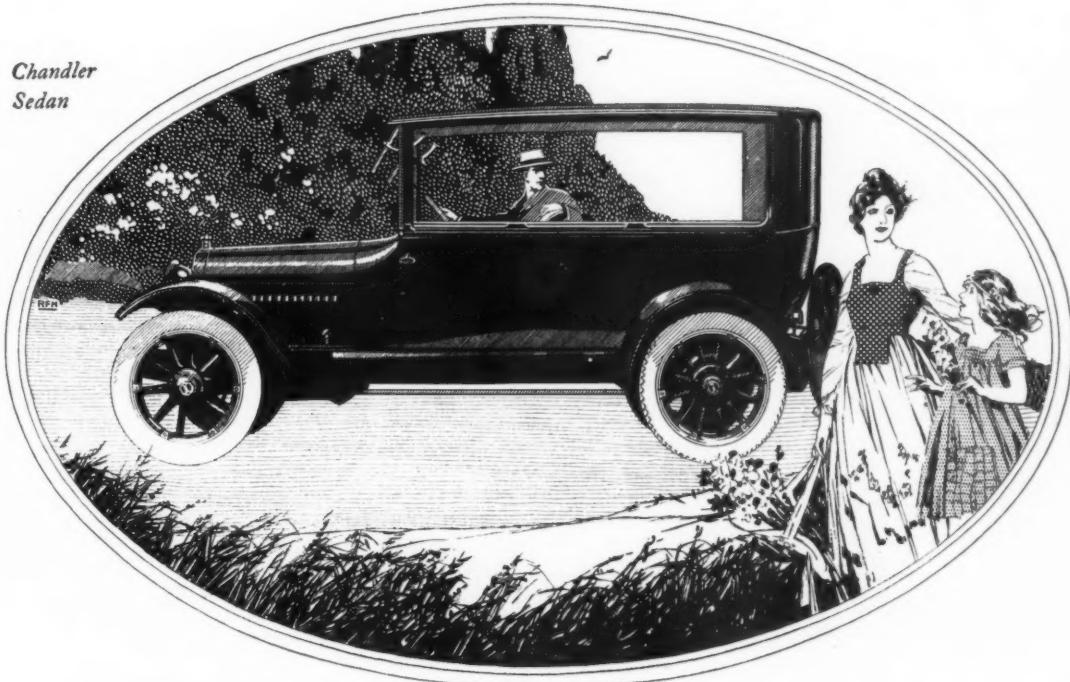
NENA.

(Continued on page 694)

CHANDLER SIX

Famous For Its Marvelous Motor

*Chandler
Sedan*



The Chandler Sedan Affords You Four-Season Service

HANDSOME in design and economical in operation, this Chandler seven-passenger convertible sedan affords full four-season usefulness that is keenly appreciated by those who demand the maximum of efficiency and comfort in their motor cars.

This sedan body is instantly convertible from an entirely enclosed car to one fully as open as a touring car with top up. Windows may be lowered away or entirely removed and the

window posts are removable. The body is most substantially constructed—built by Fisher—and stands the stress even of rough country roads. The upholstery is of a serviceable grey cloth material.

Mounted upon the famous Chandler chassis, distinguished particularly for its great motor, this sedan offers motor car value only approached by other cars selling for hundreds of dollars more.

SIX SPLENDID BODY TYPES

Seven-Passenger Touring Car, \$1595

Four-Passenger Roadster, \$1595

Four-Passenger Dispatch Car, \$1675

Convertible Sedan, \$2295

Convertible Coupe, \$2195

Limousine, \$2895

(All prices f. o. b. Cleveland)

Let the Chandler Sedan Be Your Choice Now

CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Export Department: 1790 Broadway, New York

Cable Address: "Chanmotor"



Unintentional

"Stonewall" Jackson was not a man to speak ill of another man without reason. At a council of generals early in the war, one of them remarked that Major Smith was wounded, and would be unable to perform a certain duty.

"Wounded!" said Jackson. "If that is so it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty!"

—*The Southern Bivouac.*

Hank, the Yaphank Yap

EXAMINING OFFICER: And why did you assault the sentry in this brutal fashion?

PRIVATE HANK (*late of the gas-house gang*): Well, de guy sez he challenges me, so I busts him one in de jaw.

—*Jester.*

SHE: If a girl told you you could kiss her on either cheek, what would you do?

HE: I'd hesitate a long while between them.—*Punch Bowl.*



THE "RAISE-A-PIG" MOVEMENT

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office, \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office ten days prior to the date of issue to be affected.

Well Informed

"That was a mighty clever retort you made, my dear," said the low-brow.

"Who told you?" replied Miss Fresh.

"I heard you say it."

"Yes, but who told you it was clever?"

—*Illustrated Sunday Magazine.*

THE VENUS OF MILE explained.

"I am simply inaugurating an armless day," she cried.—*New York Sun.*

Helpful Synonyms for Americans—

Pan-Germanism—

The world for Germany.

Pan-Americanism—

Liberty and Democracy
for the world.

Real Pan-Americanism
Means Investment in
Liberty Bonds!

Do Your Part To-day!

LIBERTY LOAN COMMITTEE
Second Federal Reserve District
120 Broadway, New York

Space donated by the Clysmic Spring Company

A Person of Discernment

A Quaker had got himself into trouble with the authorities, and a constable called to escort him to the lock-up.

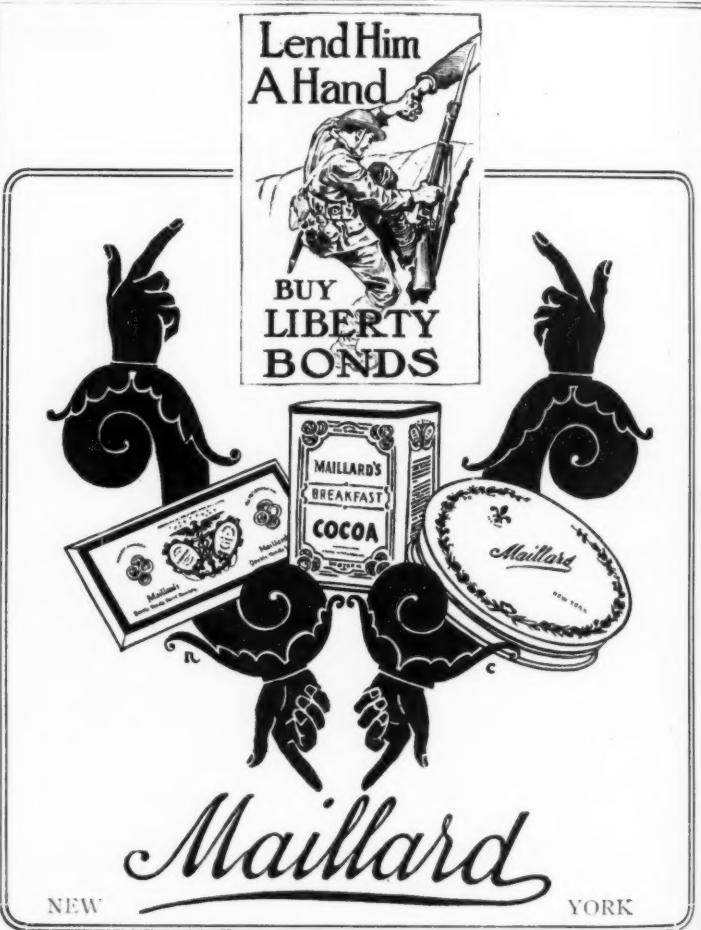
"Is your husband in?" he inquired of the good wife who came to the door.

"My husband will see thee," she replied. "Come in."

The officer entered, was bidden to make himself at home, and was hospitably entertained for half an hour, but no husband appeared. At last he grew impatient.

"Look here," said he, "I thought you said your husband would see me."

"He has seen thee," was the calm reply, "but he did not like thy look, and so he's gone another way."—*Tit-Bits.*



NEW

YORK

Surrender

THE rippling valley, like a green-lit sea
 Capped wave on wave by rainbow mists of flowers,
 Shall watch no more with pride the crumbling towers
 Of Petrograd, whose might has ceased to be
 The glory of her land. Now, wearily, With folded arms, divested of her powers,
 She waits the passing of eventless hours,
 Through dreary days and nights that liberty
 Claims never more. Her gallant aims are fled,
 Her valiant ardors gone, and in their place
 An alien calm. Where lately soldiers' tread
 Proclaimed old fetters broken, no dim trace
 Of hope remains, for Russia's battered soul
 Now as a stricken slave must yield control. *Charlotte Becker.*

SATAN summoned the Spirit of Gloom, "What are you loafing around here for?" asked the ruler of the infernal regions. "Why don't you get out on earth and get busy?" "It's no use, sire," replied the Spirit. "This is Tuesday, the day LIFE reaches its subscribers, and everyone's too cheerful for me to accomplish anything."



The smooth, hair-free underarm renders more striking the décolleté gown and modes with filmy, lacy sleeves.

Evans's Depilatory Outfit

when used occasionally, removes unwanted hair harmlessly. There is no way to remove it permanently without injury. Thousands of women consider Evans's Depilatory indispensable.

75c for complete outfit. At your own drug- or department-store—or send us 75c with your dealer's name and address.

Geo B Evans 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

Williams' Shaving

Cream



Send 20c. in stamps for trial sizes of the four forms shown here. Or send 6c. in stamps for any one.

The J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
 Dept. A,
 Glastonbury, Conn.

After the shave you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc. Send 4c. for a trial size of the Violet, Carnation, English Lilac or Rose.



In these days when economy is the rule, the shave need not suffer. Not while the big tube of Williams' Shaving Cream still delivers its full quota of rich, creamy, lasting lather.

A small war-time bit of Williams' Cream, squeezed onto your wet brush or directly onto your face, yields all the lather needed to put the most stubborn beard out of action.

But beyond the form in which you prefer your shaving soap, beyond the price you pay and beyond the convenience of the package, is the quality of the soap. Lather is the test no matter what the form. Lather that comes without effort, that sees the shave through and leaves the skin refreshed—that's the kind you get from every tube of Williams' Shaving Cream.

It is a luxury only by virtue of its quality, a quality that since 1840, has never varied and never failed in its work:

There is no room in the soldiers' kit for a make-believe shaving soap. Send Williams', the soap that knoweth the life and does its bit under any conditions.

Reflected Glory

When Mandy's husband died, neither she nor the community felt deeply the loss of that citizen; but Mandy was anxious to do the right thing, so on the following Monday she appeared in black at her "lady's."

"Well, Mandy, so Thomas is laid at rest," observed Mrs. Smith, politely.

"Yassum, yassum, an' I done gib him de right funeral accompaniments. I got him a splendiferous wreath marked 'Wife!'"—*Christian Register.*



"YOU NEEDN'T LAUGH. IT'S NO JOKE TO BITE A MAN WITH A WOODEN LEG!"



Touchy

Lysander, a farm hand, was recounting his troubles to a neighbor. Among other things, he said that the wife of the farmer who employed him was "too close for any use." "This very mornin,'" said he, "she asked me, 'Lysander, do you know how many pancakes you have et this mornin'?' I said, 'No, ma'am; I ain't had no occasion to count 'em.' 'Well,' says she, 'that last one was the twenty-sixth.' And it made me so mad I jest got up from the table and went to work without my breakfast!"

—Everybody's

Too Busy for Details

OLD LADY: Why can't the Admiralty tell us how many submarines have been sunk?

JACK: Well, y'see, mum, we can't spare enough divers to walk about the bottom of the sea and count 'em!

—Sailors' Magazine.

Right is Might

The Christian Science Monitor—the one great international daily newspaper, stands squarely on the platform that "right is might."

Fearless in the presentation of facts as they are, progressive in all that it advocates, universal in its appeal, and absolutely truthful, the Monitor is recognized as an authority on affairs to which it gives its attention.

It is an important channel through which to obtain reliable information of the activities that are today shaping the social, business and political life of tomorrow.

The Monitor aids the individual to lift thought from the limits of personal considerations to the greater responsibilities to country and fellow men.

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"The Ultim in Cigarettes"
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and refinement invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette

25¢

Smaragros

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

Looking Forward

He was a strikingly handsome figure in his uniform as he started out upon his round of farewell calls.

"And you'll think of me every single minute when you're in those stupid old trenches?" questioned the sweet young thing upon whom he first called.

He nodded emphatically. "Every minute."

"And you'll kiss my picture every night?"

"Twice a night," he vowed, rashly, patting the pretty head on his shoulder.

"And write me long, long letters?" she insisted.

"Every spare minute I have," he reassured her, and hurried away to the next name on his list.

There were ten in all who received his promises.

When it was over he sighed. "I hope," he murmured, wearily, "there won't be much fighting to do 'over there.' I'm going to be so tremendously busy."

—London Opinion.

"THE MANOR" Asheville, North Carolina
IN AMERICA—AN ENGLISH INN—Perfect GOLF

LADY: Can't you find work?

TRAMP: Yessum; but everyone wants a reference from my last employer.

LADY: And can't you get one?

TRAMP: No, mum. Yer see, he's been dead twenty-eight years.

—Chicago Blade.

THE faculty of the University of Chang-Hai, in their desire to familiarize the Chinese people with the very highest forms of Caucasian civilization and culture, have made it obligatory that every student shall be an annual subscriber to LIFE.

DONNELLY Underfeed Pipe

LOADS FROM BOTTOM

No Soggy Heel

Wonderful new principle in pipe construction. No soggy heel because it loads from the bottom. No dirty wells, pans, cartridges, as NO disgusting juices are formed.

No Wells
No Pans



DRY
COOL
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Scientifically
Correct

The Donnelly Underfeed Pipe has removable bottom—leaving straight open cylinder. No wheezy, soggy corners or crevices. Stem vent is above the bottom. Loads by pushing tobacco up. No waste. Made of guaranteed French Briar. Solid Rubber Bit. Weighs one ounce. Standard size.

Guaranteed

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Send \$1 for a Donnelly Underfeed Pipe. 20,000 already in use. Stop having pipe regrets. Mail check or dollar bill NOW. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address
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B
Abs
Ind
proves

Why Is My Soldier Sick?

*Extracts from an Open Letter to
Edwin Ralph Estep*

Those who are looking for the true answer to the question of why there is so much sickness among the soldiers, will find it in the fact that they have been *pumped full of disease by compulsory serum inoculations and vaccinations!* His powers of resistance have been so lowered by this systematic and excessive blood poisoning that any and all disease finds him easy prey.

According to the recent statement of a lieutenant from Massachusetts, his regiment received "six inoculations in one day, and the men fell like dead men on the floor, as they were trying to get to their beds." Not a few, but many, became dead men. On one train coming east from Kansas a man reported eight dead soldiers. These men were husky Kansas farmers—before inoculation!

The thousands of deaths deliberately inflicted upon our soldiers and sailors has passed the scandal line—it has become a tragedy!

We hear frequent mention made of war profiteers—there are so many already it is deplorable to have to add another name to the long list, but rarely are the manufacturers of disease mentioned in this class to which they properly belong. Do the people of this country realize that millions of dollars are invested in serum-

POWDER IN SHOES AS WELL AS GUNS

Foot-Ease to Be Added to Equipment of Hospital Corps at Fort Wayne.

Under the above heading the Detroit *Free Press*, among other things says: "The theory is that soldiers whose feet are in good condition can walk further and faster than soldiers who have corns and bunions incased in rawhide."

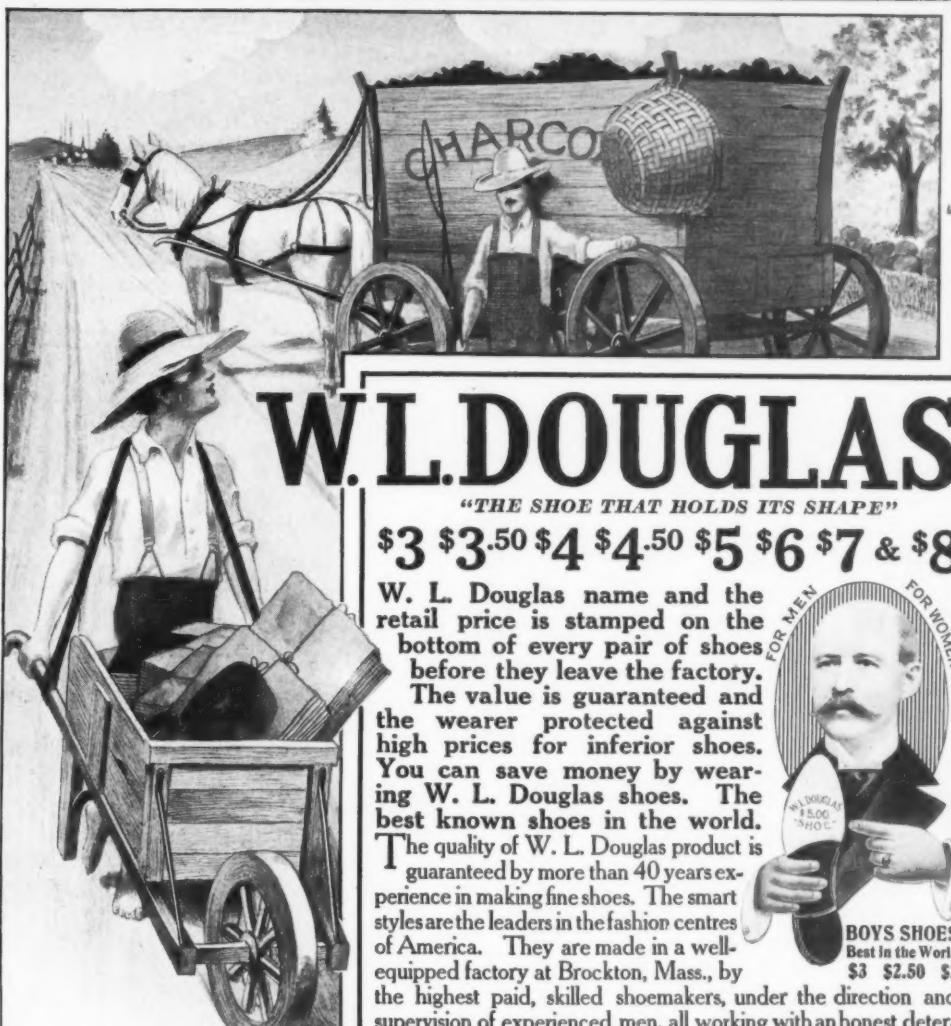
The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning.

One war relief committee reports, of all the things sent out in their Comfort Bags or "Kits," Allen's Foot-Ease received the most praise from the soldiers and men of the navy. It is used by American, French and British troops, because it takes the Friction from the Shoe and freshens the feet. There is no foot comforter equal to Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath, the standard remedy for over 25 years for hot, tired, aching, perspiring, smarting, swollen, tender feet, corns, bunions, blisters or callouses.

Why not order a dozen or more 25c. boxes to-day from your Druggist or Dep't. store to mail to your friends in training camps and in the army and navy.

BELL-ANS

Absolutely Removes
Indigestion. One package
proves it. 25c at all druggists.



While "bound out" at the age of 11, W. L. Douglas was frequently required to haul leather and other materials in a wheelbarrow a distance of about two miles. On one occasion he was stopped by a charcoal man who was to blackened up he did not recognize him. It proved to be a relative who reported to his mother the tasks, far beyond his strength, given W. L. Douglas to perform and he was finally permitted to return home.

Copyright W. L. Douglas Shee Co.

vaccine producing plants, that they are licensed by the government to manufacture disease to be put into the blood of the race, and that millions of dollars are made each year by the sale of these serums and vaccines? The writer visited one of the smaller disease factories, and was told by the person in attendance that they had furnished "four million inoculations already and the season was only half over"! Are these disease manufacturers in the business for anything but profit?

Why is there so little mention made of this most conspicuous cause of disease among the soldiers?

JESSICA HENDERSON,
Recording Secretary

Recording Secretary,
The National Anti-Vivisection Federation,
Incorporated.



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39 Years**

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"Bostons" are sold in men's wear shops from coast to coast.

25c 35c 50c
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MAKERS, BOSTON

Boston Garter

Letters from the Front

(Continued from page 688)

From an Ambulance Driver

As I write this letter I am sitting on the beach at Boulogne looking across the English Channel watching the troop transports and also the little destroyers that go dodging in and around everywhere. You see, I'm on my eight-day permission. My! but it is wonderful to be sitting here, breathing in the wonderful salt air rather than the smell of powder and burning oil. The town is just packed full of English Tommies and officers. The latter are certainly a wonderful looking bunch of men.

Well, I suppose you would like to know what I think of the front and also the engines of war. Sherman was right, but he didn't express it hard enough. We were at the front of Verdun near Fort Douamont and Fort des Vaux during the big attack of the 20th and also

of the 25th. The French did wonderfully, and they certainly plastered it on the Boche for good and proper. Surely the Lord is on the side of the ambulance driver, for out of twenty cars thirteen were hit by shells, and only one man hurt seriously.

It is beyond my comprehension how men can stand in trenches in mud and water while high explosives are bursting and whining all around them. It is awful to see a lot of men coming out of the



ANOTHER CASE OF SHELL SHOCK



"So, if this story of Drowsy seems a fairy tale, let us remember that the Atlantic Cable would be a fairy tale to Columbus."

This, from the author's preface, indicates that the new novel by the editor of LIFE is more on the lines of "Amos Judd," "The Pines of Lory" and "The Last American" than like his more recent novel, "Pandora's Box." It is the somewhat romantic narrative of a woman and a reckless lover, whose control of waves of thought brings about exciting and significant happenings.

DROWSY

is the title (that was the nickname given the hero because of his unusual eyes). By JOHN AMES MITCHELL.

It has over 300 pages, 20 remarkable illustrations, and 22 amusing decorations by the author.

Published by Stokes. Sent upon receipt of \$1.50 by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West 31st Street, New York City.

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means an enjoyable life—one free from the burden of unhygienic, uncomfortable, unsightly fat. Men and women both find better health and better appearance by removing superfluous fat in the natural, the easy, safe, hygienic way—with

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FOR MEN and WOMEN**

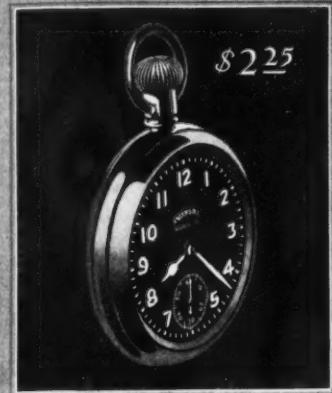
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BEECH FLIGHT SYSTEM, Wichita, Kans.
Reference: Fourth National Bank, Wichita.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

trenches, plastered with mud and carrying their machine guns over their shoulders. They look like a cat or a dog after it has been beaten and told to lie in the corner.

We had to do all our work at night, in twelve-hour stretches. Once in a while we would be helped by the flare of the liquid fire, and then again it would be totally dark. You just creep along, wondering if the next shell will crown you. We were cited for our work up there, and for reward were put in repose.

When I return from my permission I will have to go right to the front again for another siege of Sherman's tonic.

From a Managing Editor

Somewhere in France.

Dear Charlie: I am enclosing a copy of the _____. You will notice, if you look at the mast-head, that I am managing editor.

Well, I didn't join the Marines to be a managing editor. I was a managing editor at home. I quit that game and joined the Marines to see some fighting. Here I am in France, where the fighting is going on, and they promote me on the field of battle to be managing editor of a paper printed in Paris.

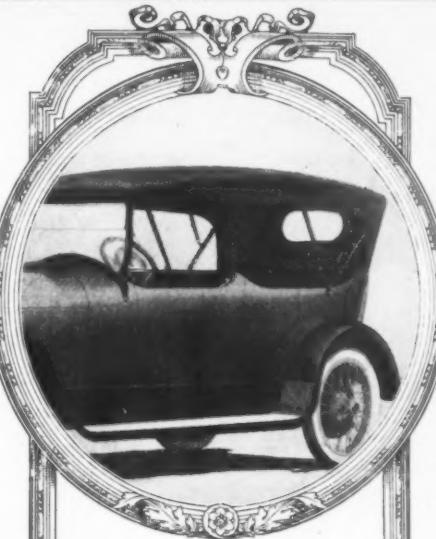
But here is the saving feature of it: A managing editor has the right to assign a war correspondent to the firing line. So I have assigned myself to this task, and have appointed another fellow acting managing editor in my absence! I'm bound to see the fighting, and now as war correspondent I am in the thick of it. I'm the paper's tin-derby-and-gasmask man at the front, and it is great. This is a newspaper job to my taste. I wouldn't trade places with a general or a president. It is surely worth all the sweating and the waiting; it was a long way to Tipperary, but I'm right there now. Can't tell you any more in a letter.

Well, slip me some gossip from home. So long!

C_____.



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"Defies Time and the Elements"

CHASE
DREDNAUT
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FOR real beauty in top materials, for real worth throughout, Chase Drednaut Motor Topping—a rain-proof, weather-proof, and sturdy fabric backed by the famous "Chase" trademark should be used.

If you are considering re-topping your car—as many motorists will this season—by all means specify Chase Drednaut.

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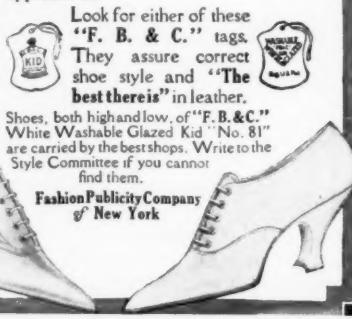




*White Shoes
Dominate for Summer*

Snug-fitting shoes of pliable white kid are the choice of the ultra smart set for Summer wear.

"F. B. & C." White Washable Glazed Kid "No. 81" is the only leather recommended by the Style Committee for this Summer's smart shoes. It is the leather which "Fits on the foot like a glove on the hand" and requires no mussy dressing to preserve its new and unblemished appearance.



System

PATIENT: Look here, Doc! You told me you were going to cut out my appendix, but the nurse says you operated on my liver!

SURGEON: Confound that office girl of mine! She's been mixing up my card-index files again!

*P*SATTICHUS II was the laziest of all the Ptolemies. It is related of him that one week he went two days without reading LIFE, which he preferred to all other periodicals, and to which he was a regular subscriber, because the slave who usually opened the wrapper had mislaid his paper-cutter.



*New Arrival: THIS ISN'T HEAVEN.
Guide: PART OF IT—THIS IS THE PRIZE-FIGHTERS' PARADISE.*

Read, in the May
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Down the avenue of palms.

—where singing birds echo the humming motor and where the tropic sun is tempered by soft sea breezes—there flows a mighty army of motors drafted almost exclusively from the beau monde.

The type of motor car that winters in Southern climes and fashionable resorts generally carries a top of—

Genuine *Pantasote*

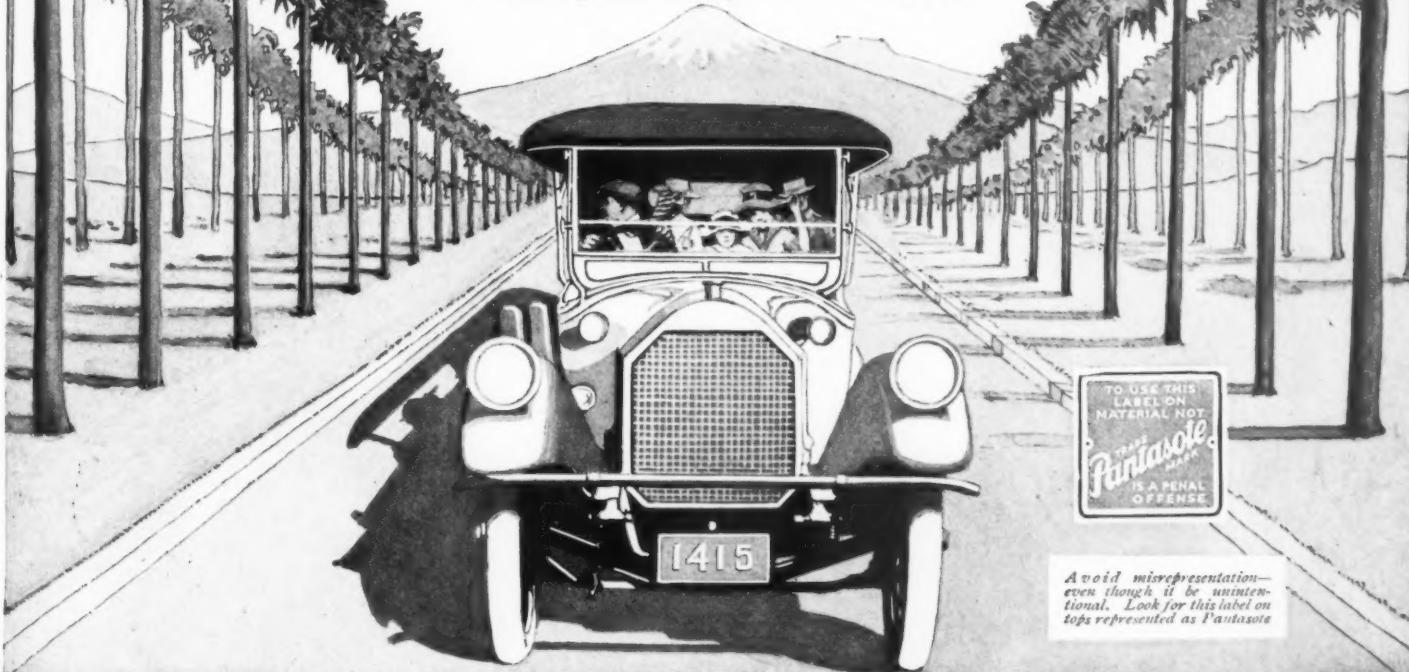
This top material withstands the fiercely beating rays of tropical suns as staunchly as it does the frost, sleet and snow of northern winters.

Pantasote, the most expensive top material, is associated with and used on the best Motor Cars.



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THE car throughout is built of the best materials that can be had for money.

It differs from other super-quality cars in that it is of moderate size.

It is the only car built that is *both* fine enough and small enough to be genuinely economical.

And the motor—our own—is exceptionally lively and powerful.

We want to hear from prospective purchasers—also from prospective dealers.

Write to us.

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Templar Top-Valve Motor
—Positively lubricated, overhead valve action—enclosed for silence. Tungsten steel valves.

Counter-balanced crank-shaft.

Full aluminum crank case.
118-inch wheelbase.

3x4-inch Goodyear cord tires.

Axles — Front, .35 carbon steel steering knuckles and

arms. Chrome + Vanadium. Rear, shafts Chrome-Vanadium, differential, .05 nickel steel, Bock Bearings.

Springs—half elliptic front and rear. Chrome-Vanadium, bushed with "Nigrum" oil-less bearings.

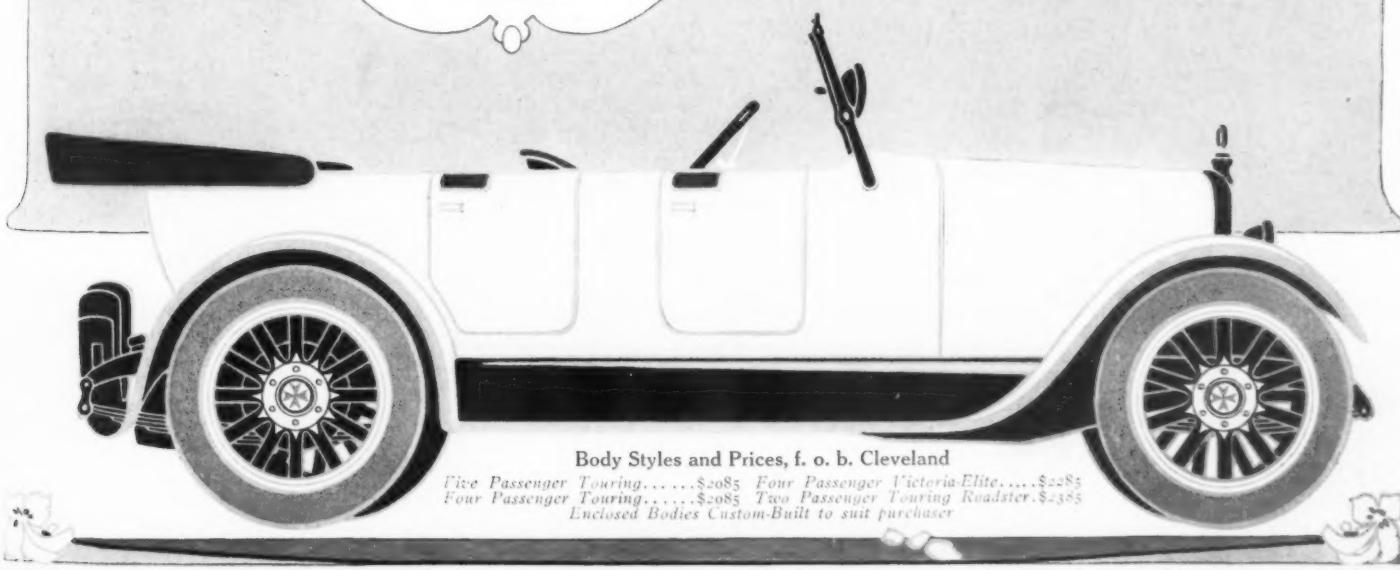
Transmission—Nickel steel gears, .40 carbon steel shaft operating on New Departure ball bearings.

Choice of three standard colors.

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Try the ten cent tin of Velvet.

When I smoke, I want my tobacco cured by Mother Nature—not by Mother-in-law Process. *Velvet Joe.*

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10 cents*

